

A PLEA FOR PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES:

An Inaugural Lecture,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE FRIENDS AND SUPPORTERS OF

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BY

REV. JAMES MARTINEAU,

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

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INAUGURAL LECTURE.

IT has been thought proper that the opening of a new department of instruction within these walls should be marked by a few words, addressed less to the students who will stately assemble in the class-room, than to the friends of the two institutions which are happily united under this roof. The late period at which this duty is devolved upon me, renders it unseasonable for me to speak of the auspices and hopes with which Manchester New College, as a whole, has commenced its metropolitan existence. Concurring in every sentiment uttered upon this subject on a more important occasion, and adding only a hearty congratulation on the encouraging experience of the last three months, I retire at once into the particular province assigned me, and will endeavour to explain the relations it bears in a comprehensive scheme of intellectual culture. In doing so, I shall be on my guard against the temptation, which besets every teacher,—not from any vain self-exaggeration, but from the deep persuasions of a limited experience,—to over-estimate his own special field of study. Indeed, there is nothing here to challenge such a tendency into action. Elsewhere, there are persons with whom it is a traditional habit to disbelieve all mental and moral science. Others, in the zeal of a new conversion, see in the metaphysician only the lingering ghost of an age found dead upon the shore of time; and assure us that when the pious care of M. Comte has scattered sand enough upon the corpse, the spectre will vanish by the Stygian way. Had I to address judgments thus pre-occupied, I might be betrayed into too strenuous a vindication of a favourite pursuit. But I meet here those with whom a respect for philosophy is an inheritance and a necessity; who cannot but honour a study conquered for them by the sagacious genius and illustrated by the noble truthfulness of Locke; whose earnest meditations, both of thought and piety, have been in the companionship of the pure-minded Hartley; who are not less conscious than I am

myself of unspeakable obligations to the versatile, comprehensive and guileless Priestley; and on whose shelves you rarely miss the acute and thoughtful volumes of Price. When I remember how largely the divinity of Dr. John Taylor, of Norwich, was affected by the studies which belonged to him as Ethical Tutor at Warrington, and how closely the name of Enfield is preserved in conjunction with that of Brucker, and, in general, how much our freer theology owes to the just balance of critical research and speculative reflection, I feel that there are pledges in the past for a worthy appreciation here of philosophical pursuits, and am resolved not to endanger that wholesome pre-disposition by immoderate and untenable claims. At the same time, there is danger as well as honour in belonging to a class rich in noble antecedents; danger of mistaking the heritage committed to our trust;—of cherishing with faithful pride the particular judgments delivered to us from the past, and letting slip the habits of severe activity, the fresh hopes of truth, the resolve to take a master's measure of the time, which saved our predecessors from merely repeating the symbols of an earlier age. Unless thought perpetually renews its youth, and lifts a seeking eye afresh to the living light, decrepitude and waste befall whatever it has achieved; for the world's effective wealth is not so much in any deposit of hoarded truths on which the key of preservation can be turned, as in the circulation of immediate thought, based, no doubt, upon that ancient store, but bringing into comparison the products and values of the hour. This is the great difference observable between physical and moral knowledge. The former, once gained, is capable of being embodied in practical arts, and handed over in its uses and applications to men and times quite unequal to its original apprehension; the latter remains all through absolutely dependent on the minds that deal with it,—lives with their life, dies with their death,—and, though surviving as a habit or a formula, sinks, among the superficial and the unfaithful, from an inspiration to an inertia. You might set up the electric telegraph among the New-Zealanders, and train them to its use; and the Indians and Chinese are said to have command of many mechanical rules and astronomical methods, the grounds of which they have for ages ceased to understand. A people thus the depositary of a transmitted skill may continue, amid stagnation or decline, to send their messages and construct their almanacs with curious precision, and may profit by the science of the past.

But the higher truths of morals and religion have another abode than in posts and wires, and cannot be laid down in cables through the sea; no equation can contain or usage work them. They subsist only for him who discerns them freshly out of himself; they are realized in so far as they are apprehended; and their very use and application being at the heart instead of the surface of our nature, their function is extinct when they cease to be re-discovered and re-believed, and are only remembered and preserved. In other words, it is the thirst for fresh truth that alone can retain the old; and the intellect, not less than the character, will not even hold its own when it ceases to pray and to aspire. It is the peculiar office of philosophy to sustain this unexhausted energy of hope, this search after a deeper and more comprehensive conception of things. Other pursuits may do more to increase the stock of positive and definite knowledge; but without *this* to furnish impulse and interpretation, their zeal is unspeakably lowered, and their results are but a barren sand-heap of particulars. That in stating this I make no arbitrary assertion, and point not even to any accidental fact, but to a necessary and universal law, may, I think, be made manifest to any moderately reflecting person. All knowledge, it is evident, is a *relative* apprehension of things, a *plurality* of which is necessary to constitute every cognitive act. It involves in every case a process of *comparison*, resulting in a perception of resemblance and difference. Nothing can be put, as it were, into a mental vacuum, and known in and by itself; but even the simplest affirmation you can make about it, assigns to it a character by which you *discriminate* it from what it else would be. Say it is *red*, and you pick it out from the other colours; say it is *round*, and you shut the door on the remaining forms; say it is *one*, and you imply that it might have been more. The *expressed* term, whatever it be, which you employ, is significant only with reference to another which is *suppressed* and held behind it; and your assertion may, with equal propriety, or at least with identical result, be regarded as an affirmation performed upon the one or a negation upon the other. The negative sphere, however, being indefinite, and required for the moment only as a background to throw out the positive image, is apt to elude attention and perform its function quite secretly; so that many persons may even be unaware of this necessary dualism of thought. Yet it is certain that, if we never look at our background, the objects in front

will not shew right ; and illusion is just as possible by error in the mind's neutral tint, as by a false laying on of the pure colour. A *relation* cannot be rightly apprehended till you can take your stand at either end to contemplate the other at will,—till you are equally familiar with both its terms ; and that which remains negative to the unreflecting, may, in its turn, become positive to you. That this ability to shift the mental station, and deal freely with the two sides of a relation, is the genuine mark of human intelligence as distinguished from animal sagacity, will hardly be denied. A dog recognizes his master by certain characteristics, the absence or disguise of which would baulk his instinct, and so far his intelligence avails itself of the same guidance as ours ; but I do not suppose that he gives any account to himself of his grounds of judgment, or can set forth the signs which he observes over against the others from which they are differenced. If you say that he *knows* the person, at all events he does not *know how he knows*. The same character of *immediate*, in opposition to *reflective* apprehension, belongs to all the lower grades of human intelligence. The craftsman who can perform some act of manual skill, he cannot tell you how,—the shrewd observer who reads off a posture of affairs by happy guess,—the arbitrator who reaches a right decision by a path he is unable to explain,—may all of them indeed possess great force of understanding, giving them vast advantage over weaker men who, with more ability to say what they are doing, have nothing half so well worth telling : but it would assuredly be better for themselves and for the world, could the road of their thought be traced on the permanent map of human existence, and did they move over it with open eye, instead of being carried to their destination in a trance. The utmost attainment reached by this practical class of men, is the accidental possession of correct conceptions, unsecured by any mastery of their *grounds*, and unqualified by any sense of the relative merits which other opinions may possess. This itself, even should they never make a mistake, falls far short of that view of things which distinguishes a scientific intellect : it is an intrusion of brute instinct into a region beyond its proper range : it has all the unsocial, isolating character of a power that can neither teach nor learn, and which, accordingly, the possessor has all to himself ; and misses the genial tendency of that broad human intelligence which, relying on its own like workings in every mind, looks out for mutual communion, exchanges inter-

rogation and reply, learns to confess itself and ask for help, and feels itself in sympathy with the life of the universe and the thought of God. Hence it is men of intuitive sagacity, unsoftened by a large speculative discipline, are usually dogmatical and overbearing; announcing their judgment, but scarcely knowing how they formed it; content, when asked to defend it, with announcing it over again; or else pouring out a torrent of pretended reasons, turbid in itself, and often remarkable for washing their conclusion right away. Indeed, dogmatism, so far as it has its seat in the intellectual habits, rather than in a culpable self-will, seems to consist precisely in this,—that you apprehend your object as immediately given, carrying straight on to it your own pre-conceptions and forms of thinking, and letting your mind work upon it instinctively and unwatched; and, never dreaming of any possible speck upon your glass, and borrowing another to try again, you insist that the reality is and must be what you see. In such a state of feeling, the circle of relations in which the object is discerned is too narrow, and in each instance is too much contemplated from one end to give scope for that sentiment of wonder and reverence which Plato pronounces to be the beginning of wisdom, or that sense of the largeness of truth, which is as water to the root of intellectual modesty.

Each of the great departments of knowledge engages itself with its own peculiar system of relations. The *physical sciences*, which investigate *nature*,—the *literæ humaniores*, which study *society* and its products,—*theology*, which seeks for *God*,—severally occupy themselves with comparisons and groupings exclusively within their respective provinces. Under the first, the discrimination of types among integral individuals constitutes, e.g. natural history; the primary attributes of body yield the quantitative sciences; the secondary, those of quality. Under the second, the languages, the literature, the politics, the individual lives, the national histories of men, are brought into a circle and made to strike the lights of mutual analogy and contrast. Under the third, some positive religion (Christianity, for instance) is passed through the series of possible schemes, till it reveals their essence and its own. In every instance the same truth holds good,—that your knowledge consists in the perception of relations; is extensive, in proportion as they are numerous; and profound, according as you are familiar with each relation both ways or only one. You understand a particular kind of animated being, when

looking inwards you see how its parts constitute a system, and again, looking outwards and around, how this system stands with regard to other types of organized existence. You are acquainted with a literature, when the characteristics of its poets, its historians, its philosophers, co-exist in your conception, and, as the collective expression of the genius of a people, the whole can be assigned to its place among the products of the human mind. And you understand Christianity as a divine agency in history, when amid its versatile manifestations you can trace the fibres of a common spiritual life pervading all, and can group around it its analogues and contrasts in the series of faiths and philosophies.

But besides these special relations proper to each sort of knowledge, there is *one* which is co-extensive with knowledge itself and is constitutive of its very nature; viz., the relation between the knowing faculty and the known object, be it what it may; between the power that thinks and the reality that is thought. Plant the mind where you please on the field of existence, it will carry *itself* thither,—will look out of its own window, and see nature through the framework of its own limits and the shade of its own colour. What it perceives must be contingent not less on its own constitution than on the constitution of the object. Whether there is any rescue for us from this dependence, whether we can ever pretend to reach *things as they are*, or must be content with them *as they appear*, it is needless now to inquire. It is plain, at all events, that we make no approach to such rescue by studying more, and ever more, of mere external matters; for should there be illusion at all lurking in the form of thought, it does but multiply itself with our intellectual action, and is only more monstrous in the learned than in the nescient. If there be hope at all, it must be sought in the inverse direction, by turning round upon the inner side of knowledge, and scrutinizing the mind's act instead of the mind's object; by ascertaining what sort of business this is that goes on in our person, when we perceive and judge and think and will. Certain it is, that it is an affair which is conducted sometimes better, sometimes worse; and if we can only find out where the difference lies, and learn to detect the admitted signs of perversion when we see them, we shall at least get rid of all artificial incumbrance of error, and strip the faculties bare to their native configuration, and watch the undisguised play of their natural action. Is it too much to say, that, all knowledge being relative, it only half exists

till you are familiar with this *home*-term of the relation?—that, while you remain fixed upon the *foreign* one, you may have indeed correct apprehension, but no finished insight? This perhaps is the ultimate meaning of the Socratic dictum, that *Self-knowledge* is at once the condition and the complement of all other; twin-birth of the same instant, placed by kindly nature in the same incunabula, and intended to advance *pari passu* to maturity. Socrates felt that there had been a fatal separation between physical and moral studies, between the quest of nature and the interrogation of thought; and by making it his art to probe the rational consciousness and bring ideas to the birth, he intended not to set up any rival knowledge, so much as to penetrate to the ground of all knowledge. Nor is it less true now than it was then, that a profound introspection, a systematic psychological vigilance, is needed as a running commentary on the cyclopedia of external fact and history. I will not say that you may not be a good geometer without appreciating the logical nature of axioms and definitions; or an excellent astronomer without troubling yourself with controversies respecting force and causality; for each science is at liberty to build upon its own foundation, as ready-made and given, and has only to state its own first principles, and not to ground them. But though, under these conditions, you may possess yourself of the contents of many sciences, you will understand the rationale of none; and with ever so perfect an apprehension of the nexus among the parts, the validity of the whole will float in the mist of insecure hypothesis. This state of things is, in the long run, exceedingly hurtful to soundness and largeness of judgment; and when the time comes for discussion to pass out beyond the professional circle of facts and laws into wider relations, embracing many sciences or transcending all, none are so apt to be bewildered and without a clue, swaying by unsteady impulse into credulity or scepticism, as those who have been imprisoned in a particular province, and have cramped their mental aptitudes to the shape of its special logic. We are constantly told, indeed, by those who imagine the new Organon to have superseded the old, that false metaphysics are the sure parent of false science. But they forget that *no*-metaphysics are sure to be *false*. For what are they? Their negative name is a delusive mask; and no man can reason on these matters at all, no man can even rail at metaphysics, without a metaphysic hypothesis at heart; and the only question is, whe-

ther he will reverently seek it by wide and patient toil, and, consciously possessed of it, call it by its name, or whether he will pick it up among the accidents of another quest, and have it about him without knowing what it is. Nothing is more common than to see maxims, which are unexceptionable as the assumptions of particular sciences, coerced into the service of a universal philosophy, and so turned into instruments of mischief and distortion. That "we can know nothing but phenomena,"—that "causation is simply constant priority,"—that "men are governed invariably by their interests,"—are examples of rules allowable as dominant hypotheses in physics or political economy, but exercising a desolating tyranny when thrust on to the throne of universal empire. He who seizes upon these and similar maxims and carries them in triumph on his banner, may boast of his escape from the uncertainties of metaphysics, but is himself all the while the unconscious victim of their very vulgarest deception, and does but chase the mirage which they always create when their atmosphere is putrescent with materialism and moral decay. And surely the longer you make the catalogue of offences charged against false philosophy, the more do you complete the argument for the study and the search of true, as the only possible or even conceivable corrective; for it is needless to say, you cannot exclude the ideal theory by chemistry, or encounter Spinoza with geologic laws, and clear the field of David Hume with the widest sweep of comparative grammar. The very mischief and perversions of human judgment which you deplore, and which occupy so large a place in the history of civilized nations, cannot be appreciated except by a mind sensitive to logical distinctions, and able to see its way amid the shades of deep reflection. The most serious and solemn expression in which the feeling and character of other ages have embodied themselves,—I mean the mythologies and theologies of ancient heathen and Christian nations,—must present a melancholy aspect of absurdity and logomachy to one who has no key of metaphysic fellow-feeling wherewith to enter into their inner significance; he must remain stranger to the best intellectual feature of the present time, the disposition to study the past developments of humanity in the mood of sympathy rather than of alienation, and to distrust every judgment which has nothing genial in it to abate its scorn; and must keep his place among those harsh critics who, scrape as they may at the outside of error and evil,

can never find its heart. Speaking to the supporters of a theological institution, I ask, what can any one make of the Nicene controversy and the whole growth of the Trinitarian doctrine, who takes it merely from the modern English point of view, and does not bring to it a mind steeped in that Hellenic philosophy for whose conceptions it endeavoured to find evangelic expression? or how, without an inner acquaintance with the scholastic realism, can any sense be extracted from the discussions respecting the Eucharist? Or, again, who can in the least appreciate the Pelagian struggle, and measure the grand figure of Augustine and his shadow stretched upon us still, that shrinks from the great argument of our moral nature, and esteems the discussion of Fate and Free-will the proper business only of revolted spirits? Nay, did we even teach our young divines no history at all,—were we content to throw them, with only modern outfit, upon the world of to-day,—the case would scarcely be improved. Of one of them the lot is cast, we will suppose, in a district of manufacturing activity; and on the other side of the street to his little chapel stands the hall of local *Secularism*, where the doctrine of circumstances and the constitution of man are expounded, and the basis of Theism is disputed, and mild proposals are entertained for perfecting the State by superannuating the Church. Another, perhaps, is settled with a society where one or two of the most intelligent members, with habits of thought trained exclusively in the medical lecture-room or the engineers' college, have been reading Comte, and learned to look upon the pulpit as a mediæval relic. A third, in the walks of a London pastorate, finds himself among some generous youths, driven by the meaner aspects of competition, or inspired by Alton Locke, to grasp at Socialistic dreams. A fourth, placed on the Committee of a Mechanics' Institution, meets with associates afflicted with the Carlylian phrenitis, and given to strong declaiming on the subject of the "Jenseits" and the "personal God." A fifth finds a pleasant and thoughtful neighbour in the young Independent minister, who has found in Coleridge and Maurice a blessed emancipation from the rigours of dogma once oppressive, and images of terror once unrelieved. These, I need hardly insist, are not exceptional phenomena which it is arbitrary and far-fetched to imagine. They are the marking facts, the living characteristics, of our time,—the actual present out of which the morrow will be made. And with these aspects of belief and ten-

dency no one is qualified to deal who is not supplied with some philosophic apparatus of thought, and has not faculties trained by a philosophical gymnastic. If the problems of the time are not to pass us by, if we are to share in the intellectual and moral enterprizes on which they are bound, the step must not be reluctant, and the energy must not be slow, with which we resolve to overtake their march. Theoretic studies stand, in our day, among the first of practical necessities. To lament the fact, is useless; to change it, is impossible; there is wisdom only in adopting it. The greatest adversary of "German mysticism" and German dialectic cannot distrust more thoroughly than I do the soundness, not only of the system which on the continent is ascendant for the hour, but of all the vast schemes for replacing *faith* in the "Absolute" by *knowledge* thereof; and it is with deliberate conviction that I profess adherence to the English psychological method, and build all my hope for philosophy on accurate self-knowledge. But this very position can no longer be quietly assumed and supposed to be in our possession; it has been lost by our want of vigilance, as compared with the intense activity of that foreign speculation which now invades us; and it must be won back by a polemic resting on new points of support, and not ignorant of the dispositions with which it has to deal. The metaphysic foe, however barbarous and even pagan you may pronounce him, will not quit his entrenchments for ever so much scolding: you may have his camp if you will; but then you must go and take it; and for this end some equipment will be needful.

I trust that I have guarded myself sufficiently against any suspicion of one-sided vindication of my particular department. To preclude, however, the possibility of misapprehension, I would add that, if external and historical studies require philosophy for their interpreter and soul, philosophy no less requires them for its body and means of balance. It might seem at first as if, for self-knowledge, the mind would be its own sufficient company, and, shut up in its own communion, would learn the laws by which its faculties exist and act. It will be found, however, that only before the mirror of other minds can our nature truly see itself. By a rule of mutual dependence, we are wakened to self-consciousness by the life of others, whom again we rouse to inward discovery by our own. It is not only that we see in them new facts which enlarge our view of human nature as an object of outward observation, but they reveal us more profoundly to our-

selves, by touching springs within us that had slept before ; and of the whole compass of our being, the greater part remains latent and unexplored till the light of a kindred experience bursts into it and spreads throughout its depths. Without a large association with the different forms of thought and passion, especially without a studious communion with the genius and wisdom of ages other than our own, mere introspection would be but a barren thing, for there would be little in ourselves of that which it is worthiest to know. The more we mingle with the noble crowd of poets, historians, statesmen and philosophers, who, in various dialect and under contrasted civilizations, have uttered the enduring wants and sentiments of humanity, so much the more (provided always we admire and love before we criticise) does the circumference of our nature expand, and answer in its dimensions to the great world assigned us to understand. But the value of such learning is contingent on its really *coming home to you*, and finding out in you the very seats of feeling and conception from which it sprung ; till it does this, and you are conscious that in knowing more of mankind you know more of yourself, it remains little else than an assortment of archæologic lumber, and makes you *heavier*, but not *larger*. The efficacy of all erudite attainment is not realized till it carries you to the *genesis* of the human phenomena with which it brings you into contact, and you apprehend them as the form and development of an inner life. The true principle of a perfect mental culture is perhaps this ;—to preserve an accurate balance between the studies which carry the mind out of itself and those which recall it home again,—between attention to matter given it, and reflection on its own processes and laws. The several departments of knowledge, prosecuted singly and exclusively, fulfil this condition in very different degrees. Speaking generally of the three great divisions, we may say, that the physical sciences violate it at the one extremity, by giving overwhelming preponderance to outward observation and induction of necessary laws ; that theology and metaphysics violate it at the other extremity, by giving too much substance to the forms of inner thought and feeling, and encouraging the student to coerce nature into the arrangements of a speculative framework ; while literary pursuits, engaging us as they do with men's affairs,—the human with the human,—occupy the middle place, and afford us objects, to know which is to lose a portion of our self-ignorance. And among these central

studies, it is easy to see why *language* occupies the very focal place, and has been justly recognized as supplying the faculties with their most effective discipline. For here the equipoise between external attention and internal reflection is maintained more perfectly than is possible elsewhere. Who can say whether language is an outer or an inner fact? It is evidently both. As a realized object of sense, transmitted from point to point of space, and recorded from age to age of time, it is manifestly external, and spreads its relations visibly before the eye, and lies open, like any material product of physical nature, to the simultaneous notice of innumerable observers. On the other hand, as the mere passage of thought and feeling out of silence, the direct out-come of our intellectual and spiritual life, it is a primary function of the inner mind, the mere incarnation (so to speak) of our highest energy. Accordingly, it has no significance, it is not an object of study at all, except on the condition of self-knowledge; its distinctions, its classifications, its shades of relation, its forms of structure, are the very distinctions, and classifications, and relations, and architecture, of thought itself; and whoever engages himself with them, does but see his own intelligence externalized. Dealing with a fact of physical nature, you have to collect or guess its place and meaning in the system of things from its grouping or its look; but in handling the phenomena of language, you invert the proceeding, and carry into it from your own consciousness the idea that gives it shape; having the essence at home, you interpret by it the foreign form. I believe it is this necessary action and reaction of acute observation and thoughtful reflection, to which a philological discipline owes its peculiar advantage for training the faculties with less distortion than any other single pursuit. But the desired end is gained in a much higher degree by a plurality of studies; and especially, if an addition be made on the mathematical and physical side to the grammatical centre of gravity, is it important to annex on the other side the counterpoise of psychological and ethical philosophy. Even in the teaching and management of each of these separate departments, much may be done to maintain the equilibrium of mental exercise; and as the historical studies of this place are conducted, I well know, with constant reference to philosophical truth, and penetrated with a profound philosophical insight,—so will it be my endeavour perpetually to check and test philosophical theory by regard to historical fact, and construct it less on the

narrow base of egoistical reflection, than on the broad area presented by the recorded consciousness of mankind.

To the pursuits which I am appointed to represent, I can scarcely anticipate that the objection will *here* be made that is sometimes advanced against them, that they deal with problems which an express Revelation has settled; into which it was indeed inevitable that Reason should look, when no better guidance was at hand; but the further discussion of which is superseded for Christians. The objection, it is plain, even when limited to *Ethics*, mistakes the nature both of moral science and of revealed religion. Upon no theory that I ever heard of, is the thing revealed the same that our science wants to know; nor does Revelation, even upon its own ground, in any way interfere with the simultaneous aspirations of Philosophy. Whatever truths, whatever duties, are first opened to us by Christianity, are either authoritatively announced, or brought out by the silent and continuous operation of its spirit upon the soul. If they are simple oracular deliveries, they are presented without their grounds, and those grounds remain yet to seek; and though implicit obedience may be due and may be given in any case, whether we succeed or not, there is surely an additional consent, and (may we not say?) an additional beauty before the eye of God, in a service rendered no longer by a blind docility, but with brightened look and full power of the undivided and understanding soul. And if there be any provision in Christianity for the growing evolution of divine truth and human discernment, then does this very process constitute a new fact in the history and experience of humanity,—a fact whose law and whose moral traces it is the business of a reverential philosophy to follow. Indeed, Christianity, it is plain, does not come to us as to godless and irresponsible animals, but pre-supposes the faculties by which we attain to faith in God and a sense of duty, and addresses us as beings to whom sin and sorrow, prayer and trust, are not unknown. To justify these faiths which revelation assumes—to interpret this conscience to which it appeals—remain, therefore, in any case, offices in attempting which philosophy does not pass the forecourt of our religion. And even then, whatever we learn beyond this, is still, if it be truth, something having reality in the universe,—something that cannot, therefore, be without its trace and its manifold relation; and, once knowing it, we may expect to detect its look where else we had not suspected it, and

may hope, by its light, to read off the significance of the world and of our life more profoundly than before. To do this, is in exact accordance with the aim of moral research. In truth, the larger the universe of our faith, the more copious are the phenomena delivered to our philosophy. So that Christianity, far from contracting the compass of our science, rather expands it to its own sublime proportions.